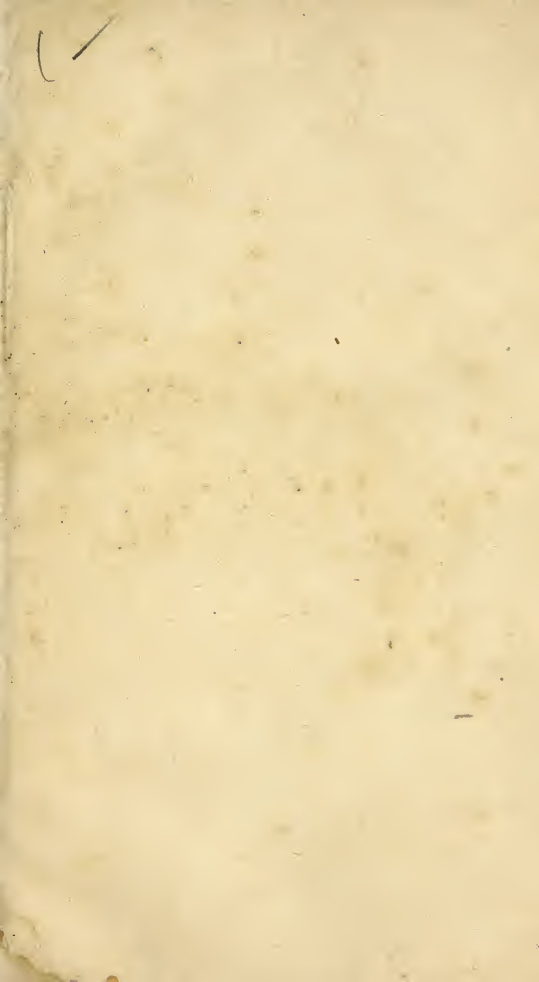


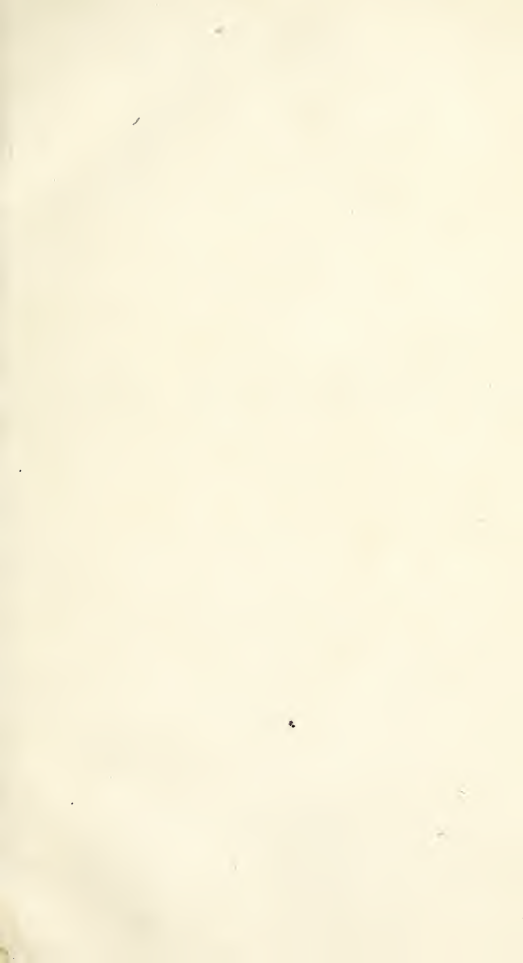
**HYMNS
FOR THE
CIRCLE.**







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H Y M N S

FOR

THE CIRCLE.



PORTLAND, ME. :
WILLIAM HYDE.
1855.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THIS little collection of Hymns is particularly designed for the use of Ladies' Sewing Circles, which now exist in most of the Cities, Towns, and Villages in our Country. It will be found also equally well adapted to the use of other social gatherings for benevolent or devotional purposes. Its portable form will render it a convenient Pocket Companion.

The selection and arrangement of the Hymns is by Rev. J. W. Chickering, D.D., of this city.

The Hymns by Mrs. Sigourney, and C. P. Ilsley, Esq., are original.

Portland, Me., September, 1855.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855,

BY WILLIAM HYDE,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maine.

HYMNS FOR THE CIRCLE.



S O C I A L.

1.

S. M.

Dwight.

1 love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

For her my tears shall fall ;
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

2.

7's.

Toplady

Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin and fear the cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no langour know,
This for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

3.

L. M.

Barbault.

How blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !

To each, the soul of each how dear !
What tender love !—what holy fear !
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth—and cleanse from sin !

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and human wo ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire :
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A Heaven of joy—a Heaven of love.

4.

C. M.

Watts.

Lo ! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love !

Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul ;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

5.

C. M.

Reed.

COME, let us strike our harps afresh
 To great Jehovah's name ;
 Sweet be the accents of our tongues
 When we his love proclaim.

Blest be the hand that has preserved
 Our feet from every snare,
 And blest the goodness of the Lord,
 Which to this hour we share.

O, may the Spirit's quickening power
 Now sanctify our joy,
 And warm our zeal in works of love
 Our talents to employ.

Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;
 Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
 Then with our Father we shall dwell,
 A family of peace.

6.

L. M.

C. P. Hsley.

O Thou, whose goodness is untold—
 Our Father—God !—Thou, who of old
 Didst o'er the earth thy manna spread—
 " Give us this day our daily bread !"

Thou lofty One ! whose slightest nod
 The heavens obey ! The Prophet's God—
 He who of old the ravens fed !
 " Give us this day our daily bread !"

O Thou within a manger born,
Who bore our sins—who met our scorn!
Thou whose few loaves the thousands fed,
“Give us this day our daily bread!”

O Thou, the giver of all good!
We ask not only earthly food:
Give us the “Bread of Life”—and then
We ne’er shall be in want again!

7.

L. M.

Stowell.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
’Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

8. C. M. H. K. White.

O Lord, another day has flown,
And we, a little band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray ;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

Thy heavenly grace to each impart ;
All evil far remove ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thy everlasting love.

Oh, still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way ;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

9. C. M. Stennett.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

10.

L. M.

Watts.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

11.

7s.

Montgomery.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found :
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you live shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave ;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

12.

C. M.

Miller.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
When Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

Lord, when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thy own ;
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

13. S. M. C. Wesley.

A charge to keep I have ;
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

14.

C. M.

Watts.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !

The former seas have passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

“ The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode ;
Men the dear objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.”

How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

15.

C. M.

Watts.

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh ! how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found !

What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul ?

Alas ! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll !

Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

16. C. M. Mrs. Sigourney.

Do what thou hast to do
While thou hast eyes to see,
While thou hast ears to hear the word
Thy Saviour speaks to thee—
While thou hast feet to walk,
While thou hast voice to pray,
While thou hast Reason's guiding lamp
To understand thy way.

Do what thou hast to do
Before the night of gloom,
That swiftly wraps the sons of men
In darkness and the tomb,
For though thy steps may tread
O'er flow'rets bright with dew,
There yawns thy cold, drear, silent bed,
Do what thou hast to do.

17.

L. M.

How vain is all beneath the skies !

How transient every earthly bliss !

How slender all the fondest ties,

That bind us to a world like this !

The ev'ning cloud, the morning dew,

The with'ring grass, the fading flower,

Of earthly hopes are emblems true—

The glory of a passing hour !

But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,

And all beneath the skies is vain,

There is a land whose confines lie

Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come

Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :

If God be ours, we're traveling home,

Though passing through a vale of tears.

18.

L. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,

He gently knocks, has knocked before ;

Has waited long, is waiting still ;

You treat no other friend so ill.

O lovely attitude ! he stands

With melting heart, and outstretched hands !

O matchless kindness ! and he shows

This matchless kindness to his foes.

Admit him ;—for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
Admit him ;—or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.

“ Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
Slay every foe, and conquer sin :
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, and all are thine.”

19.

C. M.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace

My gracious Master and my God
Assist me to proclaim
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Look unto him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be saved by faith alone ;
Be justified by grace.

20.

L. M.

H. K. White.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging sea I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

21. C. M. Mrs. Sigourney.

TEMPTATIONS throng our course,
And thousands go astray,
Smooth are the roads that lead to death,
How shall we choose our way ?

Sloth may enchain the hand,
Clouds settle on the brain,
Nor have we always light to make
Our christian duty plain.

Lord ! every secret thought
Is open to thy view,
Show us the path wherein to walk,
The thing that we must do.

22. L. M. Rippon.

OH, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven !
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun ;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the great salvation fly !
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.

When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn ;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

23.

6. 4.

R. Palmer.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Bless'd Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove ;
Oh bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

24.

C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be the last.

Awake, my soul ; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes ?—how sure, how fair ?
What is thy great concern ?

Behold, another year begins ;
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

25.

L. M.

Medley.

AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness—oh how free !

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness—oh how great !

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

26.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

27.

S. M.

Fawcett.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one ;
Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

28.

C. M.

Heginbotham.

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love ;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains, above.

My Father God ! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear ?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

29.

7s.

Toplady.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
Oh, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people when they cry.

By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—the crown of thorns—

By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice—
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear thy people when they cry.

By thy deep expiring groan,
By thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumphs o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear thy people when they cry.

30. S. M. Montgomery.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

31.

C. M.

William

Whilst thee I seek, protecting power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

C. M.

Hawley.

THERE is hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

THERE is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

THERE is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers "God is love."

THAT voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven,
THAT star is revelation's light ;
THAT hope, the hope of heaven.

S. M.

Swain.

WHO can forbear to sing,
WHO can refuse to praise,
WHen Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?—

When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall !
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all ?

Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing ?

34.

L. M.

Mrs. Sigourney.

PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh,
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea ;—

Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

Naught, naught appears but sea and sky ;
No refuge where the foot may flee :
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee !

5.

8s & 7s.

Horne.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

“Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

“What though yet no losses grieve you—
Gay with health and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.”

On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed :
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

36.

6s & 4s.

Montgomery.

THE God of harvest praise ;
In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice ;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
 . Through all the earth ;
To glory in your lot
Is duty—but be not
God's benefits forgot
 Amidst your mirth.

The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
 With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.

37. C. M. Moore.

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
Where idler warblers roam ;—
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee ;—
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

38. 7s & 6s. J. Burton.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb ;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

39.

C. M.

Doddridge

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in other's joy,
And weep for other's wo.

When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
For us he shed his precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

BENEVOLENT.

40.

8s, 7s & 4s.

LORD of glory, who didst honor
David's humble sling and stone,
Ancient Israel to deliver—
Now as weak an effort own ;
Bless the labor
Which our feeble hands have done.

T'is the gospel seed we're sowing
On the good and fallow ground ;
Bearing, weeping, without knowing
Which shall fail and which abound :
Holy Spirit,
Let it verdant spring around.

When the harvest-time is ended,
When the Master counts our sheaves,
Oh let those by us attended,
Be as numerous as the leaves
Which we scatter,
And a dying world receives.

41.

C. M.

Watts

How blest is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord ;
Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

42.

C. M.

Croswell.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasure still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy fellows may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

Small are the offerings we can make ;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

43.

L. M.

Gibbons.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race ?

Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy patterns, and thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

But he who marks from day to day
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,—
The path to glory and to God.

44. C. M. Spir. of the Psalms.

How blest the children of the Lord,

Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight.

That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay,
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

For them that heavenly light shall spread
Whose cheering rays illumine
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

45. C. M. Doddridge.

JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !

Thy bounties how complete !
How shall we count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?

High on the throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine ?

But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

46.

C. M.

Boden.

BRIGHT source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise ;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair ;
And with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferer's care.

The widow's heart shall sing for joy ;
The orphan's tear be dry ;
The sinner hear the call of love,
And find a Saviour nigh.

47.

S. M.

Montgomery.

Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land ;—

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and mist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry “ Harvest home !”

MISSIONARY.

48.

L. M.

Voke.

BEHOLD th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appears;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come, let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labor share a part,
Our pray'ers and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

49.

L. M.

Go, much loved brethren, haste and rear
The gospel standard, void of fear:
Go, seek with joy your destined shore,
To view your native land no more.

Yes—Christian Heroes ! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
To barren climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more ;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall
And crown our Jesus Lord of all !

50.

C. M.

Gibbons.

GREAT God ! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.

But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind ;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

Oh, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound ?

Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
A temple to thy praise.

51.

C. M.

Oh, hasten on that glorious hour
When God shall reign alone ;
When all shall know and feel His power,
And Christ, the Saviour, own.

When every heart shall glow with love,
And every knee be bent,
And praise to Him who dwells above
From every lip be sent.

When guilt away from earth shall flee,
And sin no more enthrall :
When every soul shall worship thee,
And Christ be all in all.

When wars and foolish strifes shall cease
In all the nations round,
And love and liberty and peace
Throughout the world abound.

52.

L. M.

Voke.

BEHOLD the heathen waits to know
 The joy the gospel will bestow ;
 The exiled captive to receive
 The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
 In this blest labor share a part ;
 Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
 To aid the triumphs of our King.

Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
 Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;
 And slave, and freeman—Greek, and Jew,
 By sovereign grace be formed anew.

53.

8s. & 7s.

C. P. Ilsey.

BLESS, Almighty God, thy servants
 Who have gone to distant lands,
 Home and kindred ties forsaking,
 With the gospel in their hands.

May they all prove faithful teachers,—
 In their hearts pure grace abound —
 And, where'er their duty calls them,
 Spread the light of truth around.

In the field on which they've entered
 May they reap a rich reward :
 Many sheaves, O, may they gather
 For the garner of their Lord.

CLOSING,

54.

C. M.

Watts.

THUS far the Lord has led me on ;
Thus far his power prolongs my days :
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past ;
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Thus, when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

55.

C. M.

Doddridge.

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade !

How swift they pass away !

The dying flower reclines its head,

The beauty of a day.

Soon are those earthly treasures lost

We fondly call our own ;

We scarcely can possession boast,

Before we find them gone.

But there are joys which cannot die,

With God laid up in store,

Treasures beyond the changing sky,

More bright than golden ore.

The seeds which piety and love

Have scattered here below,

In fair and fertile fields above

To ample harvests grow.

56.

8's and 7's.

Edmeston.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,

Ere repose our spirits seal ;

Sin and want we come confessing ;

'Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,

Though the arrows past us fly,

Angel guards from thee surround us ;

We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Should swift Death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

57. L. M. Kenn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis heaven on earth—'tis heaven above !
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

58.

7s.

Pratt's Coll.

God is goodness, wisdom, power ;
Love him, praise him evermore ;
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in everything to please.

Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare ;
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honor all our days.

Holy, holy, holy Lord !—
Live, by heaven and earth adored !
Filled with thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God most high.

59.

L. M.

Hart.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

60. 8's, 7's & 4's. H. F. Burdell's Col.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
Let us, each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
May thy presence
With us evermore be found !

Then, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day !

61. 7's. Newton.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever present friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer :

Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

62.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

63.

C. M.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

64.

S. M.

Watts.

To the great One in Three,
That seals the grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
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